

# THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori,  
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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Vol. I.

OCTOBER, 1913.

No. 2

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## **The Children and the Angels.**

*(A hymn for October).*

When little children wake at morn  
To greet once more the day new-born,  
The angels take each tiny hand,  
And lead them forth from Slumber-land.

When little children laugh and play  
'Mid snares and perils of the day,  
The Guardian Angels stand between  
Each lure and pitfall dark, unseen.

When little children sink to sleep,  
Above them white-winged angels keep  
A loving watch from dark to light,  
All through the terrors of the night.

And when in dreams they softly smile  
With hearts and lips that knew not guile,  
Their souls forsake the haunts of men,  
And wander back to heaven again.

*Reprinted from the Ave Maria.*

## MY FIRST MISSION

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How ardently the young neophyte looks forward to the day of his first mission! His training began in his mother's arms. Every event of his childhood life has had its bearing upon it. His home environment, his friends, his pastor, his teachers; all have been so many instruments in the hands of God to form his character, to bring the statue out of the block. Then, his college days, those halcyon days wherein he dipped reverently into the Pierian Spring! What enthusiasm when a missionary father would come along and by his narration of mission events would open out a momentary vista of Eldorado, that golden land shining afar, the goal of all his hopes, the missionary field! In his dreams he would behold "the fields white to harvest." Then, with renewed courage would he gird his loins for the conflict; take down his Caesar, his Cicero, his Virgil, his Horace; roll up his sleeves to Anabasis or the Iliad, or tackle the Ass's Bridge, or the mysteries of logarithms. Well, we've all been through it, we missionaries, we've joyed in its joy, and sorrowed in its sorrow. We've winced and sometimes groaned when the chisel struck deep into the quick. But now, at last our trunk is packed. We bid farewell, with tears in our eyes (three abreast) to the prefect of the Second Noviciate. Like a birdling about to leave its nest, we balance ourselves for a moment; we spread our wings, we see the great world stretching out below us, we feel the thrill of life, we are a full-fledged missionary, "with a heart for any fate."

I have at least one thing to be grateful for; I had as prefect of my Second Noviciate, Rev. Louis Cook, C. Ss. R., who now is sleeping these many years in Mt. Olivet Cemetery, Detroit, Michigan. He was a splendid missionary, practical, thorough, solid. Another thing, that the second noviciate took place in sunny New Orleans,

"Where flowers reflect soft lights above  
And hearts beat high with tender love."

And what a glorious crowd, eight of us, young, healthy, brim full of enthusiasm! What sweet memories! What busy days of sermon making! What long pleasant outings; now under the patriarchal oaks of Audubon Park, now through the old dwelling ground of "fo' de wa'," now on the bounding waters of Lake Pontchartrain, now on the long

stretches of the Mississippi. Sweet days, you will never return; for now, worn out with many labors we are "falling into the sere and yellow leaf."

"Some are dead, and some are gone  
And all are fat and forty."

I had just been assigned to the "city of the straits." 'Twas the happy summer time. I was simply revelling in new found joys, the quest after souls so dear to the Master. Like a little girl with her new doll, there was something new each day to admire and wonder at.

At last the appointment came. I tried to look indifferent when the announcement was made at table, but under my habit a heart beat pit-a-pat, and as soon as I could I slipped up to my room, and in a few moments my desk was littered with manuscripts, sermons, instructions, sermon books, etc., and there they remained getting more and more soiled, until the time arrived when the start was to be made.

We elected to go by boat. There were three of us. The mission was to be given in a beautiful little city, "on the rail and on the river," and guarding the entrance to a mighty lake. There were several Catholic congregations, but the one for which we were destined was the largest and most important. There was a massive stone Church and a commodious frame parsonage, a fine brick school and brick residence for the Sisters. An extensive garden elegant in its simplicity, great green lawns, surrounded both Church and parsonage. There was also a long grape arbor, thickly covered with vines, but no grapes.

Precisely at eleven A. M. the steamer bell rang out. Then, slowly the huge steamer swung out into the river, the great engines began to pant, the quick paddles began to beat their tattoo on the limpid, swift-flowing current and we were en route. My first mission-trip! I felt my hat-band grow tighter and tighter. Soon we were gliding through scenes of fairy enchantment. On the left a beautiful island beyond compare. On the right a populous city sandwiched between the river and the limitless fields beyond, and high over its roofs an immense sign "Wilson that's all." We soon left it all behind, but each moment brought new delights. At 12:30 we sat down to a steamboat dinner. Youth, excitement, exercise and fresh air had done wonders. We could have eaten horse shoe nails, but it was not necessary. A beautifully printed menu card was handed to each one. We made our

selection in proportion to the size of our pocket book; soon put it all away, paid our bill and once more to the deck. The steamer was now rapidly nearing its destination. After one or two landings at small towns with the accompanying bustle and stir and the idle curiosity of the passengers, the announcement was made: "The next stop will be Chesterfield. All out!" We collected our impedimenta, there were three long hoarse whistles, then some puffing of engines, some ringing of bells, the lowering of the gang plank, the rush of the crowd and we were out. A somewhat diminutive priest with a benign expression rushed up, shook hands all round, hustled us into a carriage and we were soon moving briskly toward the parsonage behind a spanking team. Yes, it was all intensely exhilarating to a young missionary on the quiver for sensations and experiences.

The next day was Sunday and the opening day of the Mission. We opened the Mission at the Ten-thirty Mass. A few moments before that hour we assembled each clad in his simple Redemptorist habit and wearing his mission cross like a gleaming sword in his belt. Together in silence we repaired to the front door of the stately church. The people were streaming in from every direction, large and small, young and old, just and sinners; all drawn irresistably by the one attraction—the mission. The grace of the mission had already permeated the air. It was being inhaled by thousands. 'Twas entering the blood and life of the good and bad. It was the dominating influence and to remain a silent irresistible attraction for twelve days of conflict. Did I say conflict? Yes, conflict. A mission is a terrible conflict with the powers of darkness, the missionaries backed by God and His angels on the one hand, and the demons of hell on the other. It is truly a field of Armageddon.

"If the Lord be for us, who against us?"

The missionaries are standing at the front entrance. The tinkle of a silvery bell is heard. In solemn procession with cross-bearer and acolytes the Pastor robed in cope comes down the aisle. We all kneel and then he sprinkles us with holy water. We rise and all start in solemn procession towards the altar chanting and reading alternate verses of the beautiful canticle of Zachary "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and wrought the redemption of His People."

The large church was densely crowded, all standing and each one with a questioning look in his eyes: "What means this?" We soon



reach the foot of the altar and the Superior of the mission reads the exorcism over the people. He throws down the gauntlet to Satan. Like David with his sling he stands before Goliath and in the face of all he challenges him to mortal combat. The trumpet sounds the charge. The battle opens. The opening sermon, a twelve pounder, was delivered by the Superior. That (Sunday) night I was appointed to preach the big sermon. I distinctly remember, although it is now twenty-six years, a great white roll of clouds coming in over the blue sky from the lake, and the mournful rustle of the already yellowing grape leaves. Shall I ever forget my emotions, as after the *Veni Creator*, I stood facing that vast congregation. Every eye was upon me, about two thousand, lawyers, doctors, workmen, merchants, mothers and daughters, servant girls, society women, all that go to make up a cosmopolitan society, and on them all the deep hush of expectation. They reminded me of flowers in summer when the clouds are heavy and muttering. They were awaiting the coming shower. I announced my text but my mouth was full of cotton. "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" And then, I said in my heart: "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," and I resolved to swim. In a few moments the wheels of thought began to revolve, I began to feel the grace of vocation, the missionary vocation, the vocation "to preach the gospel to every creature," and then all fear, all nervousness vanished.

Day followed day. The sun rose and set twelve times. And in her turn fair Luna queened it through the night. The silent conflict went on. There was no cessation of hostilities. The ringing of bells from the lofty steeple, like bugle calls summoning the people to the various exercises of the mission, the tramp of the crowds, like regiments as they came and went, the voices of the missionaries, the army officers, floating out through the doors and windows and filling all the listening air, the chant of the choir like the trumpets around the walls of Jericho, and then the constant hum around the confessionals where the tide of battle raged most fiercely, the crowds waiting in serried ranks, the sibilant sounds in those mysterious hidden places where the soul meets God face to face—all these made up the details of an Armageddon or a Waterloo more real and more momentous than the pigmy charges and retreats of all man's embattled armies. For, was not this a contending with spirits? "Our wrestling is not against flesh and blood; but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of

the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places." During the first three days Father Daniel preached to the children, and he soon found the way to their little hearts. We could see him going and coming through the grape arbor, a large package of holy pictures in his hand. These were his angle-worms. And the children bit like hungry fish. Those days the air was full of the sweet music of children's voices, and the patter of children's feet. The children are wonderful advertisers. They give the home-folks mission for breakfast, dinner, and supper. Then, on Tuesday afternoon we all went out to hear their confessions. That was a busy afternoon when we washed their souls in the "Blood of the Lamb" as white as the mountain snow. What could they remind one of unless daisies after a shower with their pure white rays and their hearts of gold? The fame of the mission soon spread abroad through all the country side and each day the crowds grew in numbers and in enthusiasm. Many were the Michiganders we caught with the "cords of Adam". They were coming in from other towns and some from great distances. Such is the wonderful grace of a mission, that magnet of souls. Each one of the missionaries was as busy as busy could be preaching, blessing, instructing, settling up marriage cases, hearing confessions. The law of the diocese demanded public apology for the scandal of marriage before the justice or a preacher. Nearly every day we would have a row of these sheepish looking creatures standing up while the missionary would apologize for them. Poor, deluded creatures to drag the beautiful sacrament of matrimony in the mire! We began hearing confessions at five in the morning and continued all day until ten o'clock at night, excepting the time of meals.

I occupied a temporary confessional made of a few pieces of wood with some cloth tacked around them. In this frail structure I held court in a corner under the choir stairway. One evening an elderly man rather deaf came in. He had been waiting a long time and I could see him shifting uneasily from one foot to the other. At last by dint of hard struggling to hold his place, he managed to get ahead of a large crowd of young people of both sexes, who, in their eagerness to get to confession had gradually encroached upon my tent-like structure, until it seemed ready to collapse. As soon as he began I noticed from his loud voice that he was deaf. This circumstance generally makes me nervous, for I dread those outside overhearing any one's confession. As he made his confession, I could hear the young people

coughing, humming and some tittering. Finally I could bear it no longer. "Say, my friend," I said, "You speak too loud. All those out there are listening to your confession." He rose from his knees, pulled aside the curtain, and took a searching look at the waiting crowd. Then kneeling again he said: "Faith, Father, I don't care. They're every one worse than I am." There was a perfect explosion of laughter outside, to say nothing of inside.

One day during the mission I was asked to visit a young man confined by ill health to his home, who had not received the sacraments for a long time. I found the place easily and was admitted by his mother, a sad-eyed woman about fifty years of age. She spoke to me a little while and told me of the young man's case. Then, she brought me into the room and left me with him. He was about thirty and a perfect living skeleton. His yellowish parchment-like skin was tightly drawn over his prominent bones. His bloodless lips parted revealing a mouthful of black irregular teeth. His lack-luster eyes were deep-sunken in their sockets and wore a kind of hunted expression. He was a victim of impurity. I spoke and reasoned and argued with him for about an hour, trying to induce him to go to confession. But it was "love's labor lost." His life was like "sweet bells jangled, and out of tune." I left him with a heavy heart.

At last the time approached for the close of the mission. Twelve days of fierce battle and now the victors held the field. The minions of Satan, humbled and abashed by the power of God's grace had sunk into their dens. We closed with a grand candle procession of men and the solemn erection of the mission cross. Father Daniel organized the procession. Father Superior preached the closing sermon. I recited the Rosary and blessed the cross. It was an oaken cross with a life-size figure of the Saviour. There were about one thousand men and boys in line and these carrying lighted candles with the selected committee with white gloves bearing aloft the beautiful cross, followed by the clergy chanting the "Vexilla regis" made a sight never to be forgotten. The route was densely crowded with people, many of them non-Catholics who had turned out to see the show. These uttered various exclamations sotto voce. Some of them affected to be shocked. "How horrible." Poor creatures they know nothing of devotion, and the sole idea they have of a religious service is a preacher in coat-tails making an extempore stump speech to the Almighty. The sermon on "The Lessons of the Cross" was a masterpiece in the Superior's best

style and produced a deep impression on all. At the end he called on the men to rise and light their candles. In a moment the church was a blaze of light. A thousand stars were twinkling there. Then, in a voice of thunder they all renewed their baptismal vows. Kneeling they received the Missionary's blessing, then the Papal Blessing and the mission was over. The field was won. The next day we returned home the Psalmist's words knocking at our hearts: "Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed tuo nomini gloria et honor." "Not to us, O Lord, not to us, but to thy name glory and honor."

W. T. BOND, C. Ss. R.

NOTE—In the Nov. Liguorian there will appear an incident connected with the mission, entitled, "Some Antics of the Devil."

W. T. B.

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### AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE

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Once upon a time men fell away from the Church because they thought her untrue to the Bible. The Protestant Reformation let loose all the spirits of criticism. Consequence: To-day the most sacred narratives of the Bible are ridiculed as legends. Even the reliability of the Gospel-story is denied. But the Catholic Church, in spite of the sneers of critics, lovingly and loyally arises as champion of the Bible. On the 26th of June, 1912, a decision of the Biblical Commission affirmed the trustworthiness of Mark and Luke. Again on the 12th of June of this current year, the same Commission examined the Book of Acts and maintained its historical authority. As both documents refer to a little passage in the Gospel of St. Luke, let us glance at it also. It will show that St. Luke means to give us solid history; that nothing is further from his mind than legends, myths, silly rumors. Here is the passage:

1. "Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a narration of the things, that have been accomplished among us:
2. According as they have delivered them unto us, who from the beginning were eyewitnesses and ministers of the word:
3. It seemed good to me also, having diligently attained to all things from the beginning, to write to thee in order, most excellent Theophilus,
4. That thou mayest know the verity of those words in which thou hast been instructed."

When a person has something important to say, and when he knows that many critical eyes will examine his words, then he is especially cautious in his expressions. No wonder these words of St. Luke

should interest us. They are his very first words. They reveal to us the program he intends to carry out. They convince us that St. Luke intends to write with such accuracy as to defy and dissipate every doubt. Read those four verses carefully and you will note that they constitute a single period, of which the first two verses present the protasis or condition, while the latter two add the apodosis or conclusion. In the first verse he tells us the occasion that induced him to write, namely: the great number of others that preceded him. In the second he briefly sketches their method of writing. Both exercise their influence upon him. Then in the third verse he adds his own methods in the composition of his booklet, while in the fourth he states the purpose that guided all his efforts. Surely we have a good glimpse into his mind, and may assure ourselves as to whether he is only collecting unfounded rumors, or critically sifting both his material and the sources whence he derives it. Let us examine each member.

#### I. Many Writers in the Field

This is the burden of the first verse. It is not quite clear who these "many" are. Some have thought them to be the authors of those apocryphal Gospels, now so carefully studied. But these are evidently of later date. Nor are they heretical Gospels, for they would have been more severely censured. Nor does this word comprise the Gospel of St. Matthew; because those "many" narrate what was delivered to them by eye witnesses, hence they themselves were not eye witnesses; but St. Matthew was an eye witness and therefore is not included among them. Most probably that term does not designate St. Mark, for he alone would not justify the term "many", and it is not quite sure whether St. Luke made use of him at all. Besides it is not so certain that these persons committed their narrative to writing as St. Mark did. However, one point is clear, namely, that the narrative of events relating to Christ and the foundation of His Church were well known, that they had become the subject of investigation from the very first. Hence myths and legends had no time to form, and genuine history goes back to the very times of Christ. Where many are anxious about the facts, it is impossible for one man to palm off a fiction. Especially when the facts are such as would rivet the closest attention of all concerned; facts that border upon the marvellous, facts that involve submission to a new religion with a series of heavy obligations. If those events had been only of natural proportions, only the

ordinary events of life, they would not have roused such enthusiasm, would not have found so many chroniclers. Notice the internal evidence of that harmony. Such events would call forth a host of writers, and such a host of writers can be accounted for only by wonderful events. Both points pledge the reliability of the narrative. If the facts were only the dreams of an enthusiast, this must have leaked out from one of that crowd. Every motive would have prompted at least some of them to make such a spicy revelation. Such a revelation would have been welcome to the Pagan for he hated the new Religion. It would have been welcome to the Jew, for it would prove to him that he was right. It would have been welcome to the Christian, at least the saner portion of Christians, for no one likes to be the dupe of an illusion. The writers—well, let us study their methods.

## II. Reliable Methods Employed by Them

This is the second verse. When a person asserts a startling fact, we look for the witnesses, and we want eye witnesses too. And when we find that our informant is well prepared, has listed quite an array of just that kind of testimony that we would desire, this is a point in his favor. For then we see that he is fully conscious of the character of his statement, has made it after mature consideration, and had the good judgment to provide just what is needed to confirm it. Now, how did these writers go about the composition? They constructed their narrative only "as was delivered to them by those who themselves had seen." That shows good judgment in our authors, to seek the best source. Thus pointing out the very best sources shows that though the early narrators may not have studied the laws of historical criticism drawn up in our times, yet they were well supplied with natural common sense, and natural criticism. Just as in our modern juries where questions of life and death are at issue, all abide by the verdict of the jury, even though they have made no course in historical or literary criticism. They wanted the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth just as we ourselves. Such narratives are reliable. These witnesses were the very companions of our Lord. They were the first sent by Him to announce His words and message to the world. They were His Apostles and probably the seventy-two disciples whom He had gathered around Him. While these came to teach and preach, they supported their lessons by the words and facts of Christ. These detached, and often condensed sketches were now pieced together into

a connected narrative. The literary movement among the early Christians supplied the occasion of St. Luke's Gospel.

### III. St. Luke's Own Method

The others did not accept every rumor, would not listen to every narrator, but heard only such as had been eye witnesses. Surely St. Luke held fast to this law. But besides that, he probes all critically, studiously. He himself assures us that he "attained to all" diligently. What does this mean? The English word "attain" is not so forcible as the Greek word which St. Luke himself employed in his original writing, "*parakolouthein*," to accompany, to follow. St. Luke not only followed up all these events by merely mental reflection, but a glance at his life tells us that he also travelled to see the very spot where the facts of Christ's career were enacted. The spirit of his Gospel is derived from St. Paul whom he accompanied so long and to whom our Lord so often appeared in vision. With him he visits Jerusalem, Antioch, Caesarea, interviews Apostles and Deacons, spending a long time in the house of Phillip. Above all it is most probable that he obtained information even from our Lady herself, who was still living while St. Luke sojourned in the Holy Land. It is altogether incredible that he should not have visited her. Some of the passages in his Gospel cannot be explained otherwise than as confidences revealed to him by our Lady. For example, little remarks such as that in his second chapter, nineteenth verse: "But Mary kept all these words pondering them in her heart." Only our Lady could testify to that. So we see that St. Luke was not content with the testimony of the eye witnesses whom he could cross examine at his own convenience at home; he also took great pains to sift the matter, undertook long journeys, and sought out the best of all testimony. No wonder he adds the significant adjective, "diligently." This does not imply a credulous simpleton, but one who is a close student, fully conscious of a historian's responsibility. Such energy would not be duped by illusions in those early days when the facts were yet recent. But it also well accords with the tone of the following verse.

### IV. St. Luke's Purpose

This, in verse the fourth. Critical knowledge is usually contrasted with a first knowledge. When persons have already become acquainted with a certain subject, feeling its full importance, they seek all possible



assurance of its truth. This second study then tests and verifies the first, and is truly critical. Just this we find here. This Theophilus has already been instructed in the religion of Christ, as St. Luke expressly reminds us. Probably he was converted by St. Paul. This tone rings through the very words which St. Luke selected in his composition. For the English word, "that thou mayest know," he uses a Greek word, "epignos," which denotes a fuller and clearer knowledge in opposition to an imperfect knowledge. For the English word, verity, he uses the Greek word, "asphaleia," which means infallible, most certain truth. There is no mistake in such language; the writer of that passage is giving genuine facts, not dreams. This critical temper well harmonises with the real trend of this passage. As will be noticed, this passage is really a dedication of his work to a person called Theophilus. We know very little about this Theophilus. But he seems to be a person of rank. We do not base this assertion upon the title of most excellent, here given him, but upon the dedication itself. We meet these dedications quite frequently. They are addressed to persons of rank, and this usually brings education and experience. To plead a cause before a man like this is not an easy task, especially when the cause is that of a law and creed as difficult as that of Christianity must have been to a newly-converted heathen of those days. Such a task would put the author on his mettle, and induce him to sift matters thoroughly and present the most substantial arguments. Such a man could not be so easily imposed upon by illusions of a fanatical party, whose leader recently expired upon a scaffold. No, in this passage we discover not a mere collector of fancies but a cool sifter of facts.

To confirm this, just cast a glance at the circumstances under which the passage was written.

#### V. The Time

He wrote in a century when the religious question had reached an acute stage. The Roman empire had spread its net over the civilized world. Its military and administrative machinery had produced constant communication with all points of the empire. News had to be sent from the capital to the provinces, from one governor to another, from garrison to garrison. The merchants had to be informed of new laws, of market conditions. So ideas too must circulate and especially in matters of religion. Now the Romans came into contact with new forms of idolatry. The garrisons they planted in the different pro-



vinces there introduced new forms of worship. The great Pantheon of Rome in which all the Gods were welcomed affords us a faint reflex of the religious question of those days. Philosophy had given way to skepticism. In literature the spirit of criticism was predominant. The Greeks were laboring to revive their former superiority, and devised the laws of rhetoric. The literature of the Romans was essentially an imitation of the Greek. For this careful search for the laws of literature, this scrupulous imitation of older masters is really criticism. Thus we gain the result: the religious question was in the minds of men. But men were grown skeptical and critical, and St. Luke had to count with that.

Did St. Luke really take this into account? St. Luke was a man of his age, but also a man of the world. He saw the world. He had travelled a good deal. When critics of our day try to point out the exact city in which he wrote this Gospel, they are hopelessly at variance. There are so many possibilities. All this just because St. Luke could be traced to so many different parts of the earth. Remember too the voyages of St. Paul. Now St. Luke was his companion from the Holy Land into Greece, into Rome. He surely knew the temper of his times, and write to convince his contemporaries.

But was he the man for such a task? The works he left us give evidence of education and culture. The non-Catholic Prof. Harnack defends the view that Luke was a physician. This profession, based upon such experiments, is not suggestive of pious credulity. St. Luke was the man to give us a critical account of Our Lord's life. And the few words of introduction to his Gospel convince us that he means to do so. And the Catholic Church has the fullest and clearest right to be the champion of the Bible in this Twentieth Century.

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

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Scrupulous persons should be made to realize that submitting their will to the ministers of the Lord provides them with the greatest security in all that is not manifestly sin. Let them read the lives of the Saints, and they will find that the Saints knew no safer road than obedience. The Saints plainly trusted more to the voice of their confessor than to the immediate voice of God; and yet our scrupulous persons wish to learn more on their own judgment than on the Gospel which assures them: "He that heareth you heareth Me."

—*St. Alphonsus Liguori.*

## FATHER TIM CASEY

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"Come on, Uncle Tim, out in the hammock, and tell us a story."

"Now, do you children let your Uncle alone. He came here for a day's rest after all his hard work in the parish, and you pester the life out of him," said good Mrs. Kelly, looking up at her brother, Father Timothy Casey, with that beautiful blending of sisterly affection and Catholic reverence so often shown by our people towards their relatives who have been raised to the altar.

"Come on, Uncle Tim—please—please," pleaded a chorus of voices; and Father Casey surrendered, and was forthwith led away by his captors, as many as possible holding his hands, and the rest tugging at his sleeves or his coat tails.

"Since this is the month of October," said the Priest, after he had been consigned to the hammock with the victorious troop standing guard around him, "I shall tell you something about the bright angels who . . ."

"O that's fine," shouted four-year-old Terence. "I like to hear about angels and ghosts and fairies."

"Terence Kelly," exclaimed Catherine, the eldest, with all the dignity of her fourteen summers, "shame on you to interrupt *Father Tim* while he is speaking."

"There is just this difference, my boy," said Father Casey, addressing little Terence, but really intending his words for the older children, "between angels on the one hand, and ghosts and fairies on the other; that there are no such things as ghosts and fairies, but there really are angels, just as sure as you and I are sitting in this hammock. What are angels? Who knows the answer in the catechism?"

"I do, Uncle Tim. I do, Uncle Tim," came a chorus of voices.

Father Casey glanced at the boys who seemed to have a far-away look in their eyes, as though they were searching for an answer that could not be found, for they had been having vacation for the last two months, and who can blame a boy if he forgets a little of his catechism during that time? Father Casey noticed this, so he mercifully turned to trust-worthy Catherine.

"Catherine, what are angels?"

"Angels are pure spirits without a body, created to adore and enjoy God in heaven."

"Good," said Father Casey." You see, at first God was all alone. He was perfectly happy all by himself. He is so great, so wise, so powerful, that He needs no one else to keep Him company. But above all else He is good and kind and loving, and so He desired to see some one else whom He could make share His happiness. Accordingly He made a most beautiful and magnificent place which we call heaven, and He filled heaven with glorious spirits whom we call angels. Angels, as Catherine said, are pure spirits. That means that they have no body. Our soul too is a spirit, but it is not called a *pure* spirit because it is united with a body. Try to imagine how glorious it is to be a spirit without a body. Sometimes in the spring when you take off your shoes and stockings for the first time and go out to play in your bare feet, you feel so light that you run and jump for joy. How light and happy you would feel if you had no body at all. Why do you ever get sick and have aches and pains? Because you have a body and something about it gets out of order; the angels have no body, and so they can never be sick, never suffer from any of our aches or pains. When you want to get from here to the top of the hill you must make your legs work very hard and work for a long time to get there. Why? Because you have a body that must be carried to the top of the hill before you will be there. The angels have no body, and so they can go from here to the top of the hill, from here to the moon, without any work, and in less time than the smallest little part of a second. When we want to go into the house we must take hold of the knob and open the door. Why? Because we have a body which we must carry with us wherever we go. The angels have no body, and so they can go through a door without opening it; they can go through a wall, through a mountain, easier than you can go through the open air."

"Why, Uncle Tim, you gave me a picture of an angel last Christmas, and that angel had a body."

"My boy, none of these pictures look one little bit like an angel, but they are the best we can do, and that is why we make them. There is no use in our trying to make a picture of an angel, because we simply cannot imagine what a spirit without a body looks like so long as we are shut up in this body of ours. If your mother put you on the floor, and turned a tub over you, there would be no use in telling you to look at the beautiful, shiny-coated tiger that was going by the gate. You simply could not see it until that tub was taken off and you were free.

In the same way, there is no use in our trying to imagine what an angel looks like until our body is removed by death and our spiritual soul is free."

"But, Uncle Tim, didn't St. Valerian see St. Cecilia's Guardian angel? Sister told us in school that St. Valerian was a pagan, and he told St. Cecelia that if he could see her angel he would become a Christian. She prayed and God let him see the angel, and he became a Christian, and they were martyred together."

"The only time that people in this world ever saw an angel was when God worked a miracle and helped them to see it. And even then, after the miracle was over, they could not tell us what the angel really looked like. All they could say was that it was brilliant, glorious, magnificent, beautiful, above anything else they had ever seen."

"Someone had said that the nearest thing to a true picture of an angel that we can find in this world is a dazzling flash of lightning. But an angel is brighter, quicker, mightier than lightning. Your mother told me how you all jumped when lightning struck that big tree last week. Think of it, an angel is many times brighter than that blinding flash,—that bolt of lightning crashed down from the black cloud to the tree at the rate of many thousand miles a second, but that is slow compared with the swiftness of an angel,—one little tip of that lightning flash just touched the hard old oak, and it was torn to splinters, but an angel is still more powerful, with God's permission, it could tear the whole world to splinters in one second and rebuild it in the next."

"In the beginning, God made millions and millions of these magnificent spirits. Some of them stay in heaven with Him all the time, and some of them carry His messages, or do His bidding here on earth. Those who remain in heaven plunge deep down and bury themselves in the glory and radiance of God, and God loves them and they love Him, and the joy that they feel in being so near to Him makes them burst forth into hymns of such heavenly beauty that no human creature could form even the faintest idea of their harmony. And these angel hymns give glory and pleasure to God and consolation and joy to all the good people in heaven."

"Aren't they sorry, Uncle Tim, when God sends them away from heaven, and makes them stay down here and be our Guardian Angels?"

"No, not even are the angels whom God sends to earth deprived of His adorable presence. No matter where they are, they still see God,

they love Him, they speak to Him and enjoy Him. And with their extraordinary brightness, swiftness, and power, what excellent messengers they must be to fulfill the commands of the Most High God! When good Tobias was about to be strangled by the devil, it was an angel that God sent to chain up the devil in the far-off desert, until Tobias had passed through the period of danger. When Jesus, the great God, wished to come down from heaven and take the form of a poor helpless Babe for love of us, it was an angel whom He sent to bear this message to Mary, the stainless Virgin, whom He had chosen to be His Mother. When Jesus was born, it was a band of angels that spread the glad tidings about the hills of Bethlehem, and sang that first Christmas hymn: 'Glory be to God in the highest, and on peace to men of good will.' When Jesus was sought by Herod to be put to death, it was an angel that warned the Holy Family to fly into Egypt. When He was hungry after the forty days' fast, it was an angel that fed Him. When He sweat blood during His fearful agony in the garden, it was an angel that comforted Him. When, after his bitter death on the cross, his lonesome friends were looking for His dead body, it was an angel that brought them that gladdest of all messages: 'He is risen; He is not here—Jesus has come forth from the grave glorious and immortal; He can suffer and die no more'."

"Indeed children, I could tell you a hundred beautiful stories about the angels, for the Bible is filled with them. I could tell you many interesting things about your Guardian Angel, whom God, in His love, has sent to watch over you night and day, and preserve you from sin and harm. But we shall save that for another time."

"O Uncle Tim, I was an angel once," said little Terence.

"Why, Terence," cried Catherine.

"Well, I was. When we had First Communion in our church this year, I was one of the angels that led them up to the altar where the Priest was. But Sister," he added with a pout, "wouldn't give us kids any wings."

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

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"Virgin of all virgins,  
To thy shelter take us.  
Gentlest of the gentle,  
Chase and gentle make us."

—*Ave Maris Stella.*

## THE WAY OF A MAID

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"Violet, you silly little thing! why don't you come and enjoy yourself with the other girls?"

"Why, Grace, I'm having a delightful time!"

"A delightful time!" repeated Grace with arched eyebrows. "What! here alone? One would think you are Cinderella left at home to do the work while your big sister went off to the Prince's palace! Come, dear; join the other girls and don't be sitting here like a little poke."

This short dialogue took place between two young ladies on the shore of Broadmoor Lake in the suburbs of a fashionable Summer Resort in Colorado. It was a beautiful lake nestling with all its crystal-line clearness in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. The time was noonday. The few clouds that sailed the sky were mirrored in the waters like cream colored ships. The air was hot and the meridian sun cast his reflection so clearly in the lake that it seemed as if he had tumbled from the sky to take a plunge in its cool depths. Not the merest breath of a breeze murmured in the trees that rose tall and straight from the shore. Couched in the cool shadows even the birds that had shaken their notes with such wild thrilling harmonies on the morning air hung sleepy-eyed and still from the leafy bowers. Nothing stirred the silence of the woods, save the merry peals of laughter, that arose ever and anon from a happy group of young folk gathered there this hot summer day, picnicing.

"Come, sweetheart," and Grace Robinson reached down a slender white arm circled with a pretty bracelet to lift Violet Cunningham from the green moss where she was surrounded by clusters of bright eyed violets, but she was the brightest eyed violet of all. "Hurry!" exclaimed Grace as a shout of merriment echoed through the trees, "hear the fun we are missing!" Violet rose, flicking the stems and leaves and flowers from her lap.

"See the pretty violet wreath I have woven; isn't it just too cute!" prattled Violet as she held it out at arms length, admiringly. "What shall I do with it?"

"I'll take care of it," broke in a third voice.

Both girls turned their heads. There coming through the shadows of the trees were two tall forms, Will Robinson, Grace's big brother

and Harry Richards home on vacation from Yale University. Without more ado Harry strode over to Violet and took the wreath from her. A slight tinge of red dyed her cheek as she unclasped it.

"Oh! I have it!" chimed in Grace. "Harry, place it about her neck and lead the little stubborn thing to lunch. Would you believe it? I found her all alone making this wreath. I'm afraid," she said, as she cast a shy, meaning glance at Violet, "she must be tired of our company and was seeking for some one else."

At this Violet feigned to be angry, and she wondered if Harry had noticed what a miserable feigning it was.

"Come on, you folks," said Will Robinson, from an old tree trunk, where he had flung himself and had taken in the scene, "Harry and I have been climbing hills until I feel as if I had eaten nothing for months." Then he added with a knowing wink at Harry, "I didn't think you cared for violets such as those." At this Harry got fidgety and he wondered if Violet had seen it.

So off they went where the shouting and laughing was going on. The rest of the day was spent as most young people spend their time at picnics, playing games and romping under the trees. But Grace and Will noticed that where Violet was, there too was Harry Richards and she seemed not displeased.

Harry was the son of a wealthy mine owner and was taking up law as a profession. Violet had become acquainted with him only a year before when he was home on his vacation. The first meeting led to another, the second to a third till soon there was a close friendship between them. Violet had never meant it to be more than friendship—but, pray tell me,—what young lady has there lived who could say to her heart, "thus far shalt thou go and no farther." When then, the first vacation was past and Harry had gone back to the University, they missed each other. There had been no promise of letters—of course not—but then, Harry had sent her pretty postal cards depicting the scenery along his route, and of course too, Violet had thought it would be very unladylike if she did not acknowledge them; of course, again Harry was a gentleman, he considered it beneath a gentleman to leave her letters unanswered, in consequence a young miss was sending off faintly perfumed missives that were answered by big-lettered epistles from someone who found it harder than ever to apply himself to his books.

During the long winter months while Violet used to be seated at



the big open fire-place in her father's handsome home, reading her novel she often found herself thinking of Harry. The hero of the book, although he was not described by the author in any manner resembling Harry, kept twisting and turning in her imagination until that worthy gentleman was no other than Harry himself; and I do not hesitate to say that the heroine, despite the many adventures she got herself in, became in Violet's mind Violet Cunningham. When the plot was unravelled and the hero and heroine were wedded, living happily ever after, Violet would come out of her reverie with a start, laughing at herself for her foolish dreaming.

It is supposed a young maiden never gives a thought to marriage until on some soft summer night when the moon hangs languid in the sky and the stars have grown weary of thrusting their beams upon the earth, her lover, with a sudden unmanageable burst of desperate courage tremblingly asks her to draw with him the "Chariot of Life". Straightway, as the story-books say, at the suddenness of it all, she gets angry or goes into a faint or refers the questing one to "Papa" and "Mamma". If most young ladies act thus, Violet was an exception. The thought would come that some day, some way, Harry would ask her to be his wife. Then the question would arise, "How could she?" She was a Catholic, he, as far as she could learn, believed one religion was as good as another. She knew her religion frowned down on such mixed unions, discouraging them as dangerous. Indeed, she herself knew an old school-chum who had entered a marriage of this sort and had lived to weep over it. She tried to drive the thought away, but do what she would, it kept coming upon her. "Was there not such a thing as a dispensation?" she questioned herself. She had read stories wherein Catholic young girls had married Protestants and had by their exemplary lives brought about the conversion of their husbands. "Could not she do the same? Perhaps this was the very work for which she was sent into the world?" This, invariably, was the conclusion to all her doubtings until at the last it took possession of her with all the force of a conviction. She knew her parents might demur, but she was their only child; and a sole child is as a rule a spoiled child, at least it was true of Violet, and she was confident that a little pleading would end in her request being granted.

Thus far had Cupid managed affairs during the first year of their friendship. So on this summer-day, when the picnickers were wearied from their rompings and the light was fading into grey in the eastern



sky, Harry took Violet with him on the front seat of his big auto and drove into Colorado Springs, while Grace and Will Robinson chatted on the rear seat. After he had set down the Robinsons at their home, he asked Violet if she cared for a ride. It was still early in the evening so he turned the car about and started off to Manitou lying at the base of Pike's Peak. It was delightful, that ride, after the hot day and to feel the cool breeze on their cheeks. They chatted about anything and everything. It was difficult for them to keep their thoughts on any one subject for any length of time, for Harry had tied the violet wreath on the wind-shield. It kept bobbing hither and thither, with the swaying and jolting of the car; to Harry it seemed to be nodding at him to speak what was in his mind; to Violet, as it rustled on the wind-shield, to be chiding her for being so foolish as to have twined it. When they reached a long stretch of road, Harry slowed down the car. He became silent. Violet noticed that his hand was twitching at the wheel. Her own heart began to flutter violently. She asked him if there was something wrong with the car. For a moment he looked straight ahead into space. Then he answered falteringly: "Ye-es, the road is very dangerous here." Suddenly he blurted out the question. Now it was Violet's turn to look into space.

"I don't see any danger ahead," she said innocently.

"Why," he rejoined, "our very lives depend on the way I manage things here." She looked up into his eyes and he knew, as he put on more speed, that that dangerous strip of road was past.

## II.

They were married. Violet had endeavored to get him to embrace the Catholic religion. In vain. Her parish priest showed her clearly into what dangers she was casting herself by marrying one not of her own faith; but love, especially when it takes possession of a woman's heart, blinds reason; so what could the poor old priest do? To his every argument she replied with some warmth: "I shall convert him by my life." Her parents made a half-hearted stand against her marriage. They were Catholics, 'tis true, but they were of a type that is far too numerous today. Their faith was of a suited-to-circumstances stamp; cold, self-satisfying, content with a minimum, looking askance at sacrifices. Then, too, Violet was their only child, her every whim was law for them and so when she told them this should make her happy, they sent her off with their blessing.

Harry's parents were pleased with his choice. Religion was of no consequence to them. Their religion was to keep open house, to entertain in a lavish manner, to see the social-sheet of the paper bristling with breezy accounts of their afternoon teas, and soirees and lawn parties at Pine Villa, their suburban home. It flattered them to think that their son had displayed such rare judgment in choosing Violet Cunningham as his mate, for the Cunninghams were very wealthy and it gave food to the pride of Harry's parents to think that his and Violet's triumphs in the butterfly-circle of high society would shed lustre on themselves. Hence it was that, save the blessing of the church which Violet sacrificed and which she so much coveted, she entered into the whirl of the best society with all the glamour and trumpeting attending a princess.

They took up their home in a magnificent house in the suburbs. There were pink rooms and blue rooms, big rooms for gatherings and dainty small rooms for guests, everything savored of luxury. Liveried servants flitted about at the tinkle of a bell. Broad lawns stretched away until they crept down into a lake. White ribboned roadways ran hither and thither between long rows of stately trees. Gaudy flower beds lay sleeping on the greensward cut into the most fantastic and odd shapes. Sparkling fountains shot their crystal streams into the air and came down rainbow-hued on the marble forms of nereids basking on make-believe sea rocks. Over all this display of wealth and lavishness Violet was queen.

Five years, each of them a triumph in her little social world sped past, but the hope that one day she should have Harry thinking of religion as did she, was as far away from being realized as the day on which she had been wedded. He loved her with that deep love of which such a strong character as his was capable. Often did he accompany her to Mass, especially on the chief feasts of the Church. Violet fondly fancied that the grand ceremonies of the Church would impress him, but his accompanying her was not for knowledge and light, it was pride, the pride of being pointed out as the husband of such a charming woman that impelled him to go. The deep voice of the organ accompanied by the sweet hymns of the church that rose and fell in showers of celestial harmonies and rose again to creep along the nave till they pattered into silence in the forest of spires on the high altar, the blaze of waxen tapers, the flimsy clouds of incense that curled from flaming censers, symbolizing prayer mounting to the angel-

girdled "Great White Throne" of God, the rich vestments of the priest as reverently he stooped over the altar of sacrifice, the deep hush that came over all when the bell tinkled, bespeaking the Incarnation renewed, the lifted heads when the snow-white Host was raised on high amid the audible murmurs of "My Lord and My God," the beauty of it all, the poetry of it all, the Heaven of it all was lost on Harry. His belief that religion was a matter of taste rendered him proof against impressions. When Violet would ask him if the ceremonies were not beautiful, he would reply: "Yes, they were," not that they had impressed him but because he knew it would please Violet. He did not know the depth and breadth of the burning faith which prompted these ceremonies; he was ignorant that many of them had come down the ages from the time of the Apostles; he never dreamed that millions in years ago had witnessed these ceremonies and were lifted from earth by them in dim-lit catacombs and dark forests; he could not know they were the offspring of the heart's ardent longings to surround earthly worship with a foretaste of Heaven. To him they were no more than the manifestation of Catholics differentiating their religion from others which he held as equally true.

So the years went by until their daughter Madeline had reached an age when it was time to think of her education. They were seated together one evening. The social season had passed. Harry was looking over the daily papers, while Violet was plying her needle at some fancy work,—an occupation in which she found rest from the long drag and weariness of social life. She looked up: "Harry, I think it time to begin Madeline's education."

He turned a page of the paper, feigning not to hear her. Violet put the question again. This time he raised his head and looked at her from behind the paper.

"Education?" he repeated, "has she not governesses enough? I hope you don't intend to get another army of them!"

"No, no!" she replied, and she smiled at the expression "army" by which he meant Madeline's five governesses.

"Well, what do you mean? You don't think," said he a little puzzled and getting interested, "you don't think she is old enough to send off to college?"

"Oh, you 'silly'! No! What I mean is that it is time to let her learn her religion. The Christmas vacation is almost passed and I was thinking of sending her to the Sisters."

Harry frowned. "Can't you take care of that yourself?"

"Why," she replied, "how can I do it amid all these balls and teas, receptions and operas, I never should find time, besides I'm not competent."

Going off on another track, he said. "I'm not in favor of sending her among strangers."

"But," she answered, "the Sisters will not harm her!"

"Well," he said letting his voice rise higher, "I don't believe in choosing a religion for a child. Religion is a matter of taste." Then in a determined air, "wait till she is old enough to make her choice."

Violet dropped her needle work in apprehension. "Harry, have you forgotten? You promised that——"

"I promised," he broke in, somewhat nettled at being reminded by a woman of promises, "I promised not to interfere with your religion or the religion of our children. So far I've kept that promise in your regard; there's no occasion for it in Madeline's. She is not old enough to know what religion means. When she is of an age to choose for herself, I shall not meddle with her choice. That's the sense in which I understood the promise; in no other am I bound to it."

"But," protested Violet, "she has been baptized a Catholic; she has no longer a choice." Then she added, startled at the color affairs were taking, "she has an unassailable right to know the truths of that faith."

Harry, trained in the courts to catch an argument and to hurl it back at an antagonist, smiled at her; "I was baptized a Protestant; I had a right to know the truths of that Church, but," he added with telling emphasis, "that right was mine only when I was old enough to know that there were other religions to choose than the Protestant Religion. This is the right Madeline has. That right no man shall tamper with so long as she is my child."

Violet grew pale at the determination flashing from his eyes. She knew him, she knew that he had a will as strong as steel, no obstacle however great could turn him from a path paved with his own convictions. She feared him as he rose from his arm chair and paced the room. She recalled with what warmth he had spoken out his mind; the rough, almost contemptuous way he had answered her. It stung her mother's pride. She rose, and in a pose that commanded attention, in a voice that compelled a hearing, said: "She shall be a Catholic, aye, and more; do what you will!" and swept from his presence to the quiet of her own room.

Here in the dusk when her anger at the preposterous way Harry had explained his promise had spent itself, the warnings of her parish

priest, "You are exposing yourself to danger," came back to her. Her own faith was still unshaken. She had clung to it, though with difficulty, through the whirl of pleasure. And now after all the years, the thought that she had not succeeded in converting him and that an innocent soul was being dragged into danger, wrung her heart with remorse. She rose and went to Madeline's room. She was sleeping. The moon was flooding through the richly mullioned windows and its yellow beams lay on the pillow turning her golden curls more golden still. A faint smile, as if in dreamland she were watching angels at play, flitted over her innocent face; a tiny arm, pink as the blown petal of a wild rose, nestled on the snow-white coverlet. Violet stooped and kissed the rosy lips; thinking a mother's thoughts of the future of her child. "What if harm should come to her. She had brought her into the world, she, then, would be responsible for all." She knelt down and as her hot tears fell upon the coverlet she prayed, yes, prayed God never to wake Madeline from that sleep of innocence.

Through long days she brooded to herself. Fearful thoughts of her child's future haunted her until they became almost an obsession. Several times she spoke to Harry on the same subject. He was inexorable. "He would never darken his child's future for a whim."

So the days went by and Violet faded and pined away. Her eyes became lustreless, the roses in her cheeks lost their glow; she was silent and went about the house the ghost of her former self. The doctors prescribed—but how could medicine touch upon the sickness of her spirit? They told her she was worn down by the strain of social duties; what she needed was rest, far away, where she could forget her present life for a time. Harry took her to a quiet summer resort in the Catskill Mountains. 'Twas of no use. The time dragged on but her stricken spirit refused to be comforted. At last she took to her bed and she knew she should never rise from it more. Doctors were in despair; their one caution was rest and quiet. "Rest, rest!" how Violet longed for it! She was content to rest, aye, forever if only her child should be saved. Then came the end. Nurses, white capped and aproned, moved noiselessly about, doing everything possible to relieve the sufferer. Harry remained at her bed side struggling between hope and fear. He loved her, yes deeply, but he did not know that it was he who was killing her. He remembered the violet wreath; how he had placed it away and how on coming to look upon it one day it was withered and crumbled into dust, and here was Violet, his own Violet fading, fading before his sight. The tears came into

his eyes. She turned and faintly whispered to him, "A priest." "What can a priest do for her now," he thought. Then it dawned on him that she wished to go to confession. Confession to him meant unrest and worry. He had ever heard that Confession was the rack where-on the priest tortured the consciences of his penitents. "He would never permit that now to his wife. Did not the doctors say it was rest and quiet she needed? If she must die it would be in peace and not tormented by an inquisitor."

"No," he replied as gently as possible. "The doctors say you must not in any way be disturbed. The priest cannot help you now." It was the last thrust that severed her bleeding heart. A faint gasp trembled on her lips, the eyes closed, the hand he held fell limp in his, but he did not know it was he who had killed her. As he looked down on her he thought he saw the pale lips saying, "Madeline shall be more." They were the echo of those she had spoken that night when she swept, angered, from his presence. He wondered now what they meant. The years would tell.

### III.

Madeline grew to womanhood, the petted darling of his love. He enshrined her in his heart beside the picture of his dead wife. Never had he spoken to her about religion. The prayers her mother had taught her she remembered from her childhood; they were simple prayers, breathing a childlike innocence and love. The stories Violet had told her of the Virgin rang in her ears as the years drifted by. She even remembered the tears that stood in her mother's eyes as she recounted the love of a God who had come from the courts of the Angels to make His abode with men and that they instead of welcoming Him, had cast Him out of their homes and hearts and hounded Him to death. She wondered where her mother had learned these beautiful stories. She asked her father; he did not know unless it was at church. She went to a Catholic church one Christmas morning with a girl friend. She was struck with the utter peace that reigned around her. All the faces were so happy. The children as they knelt with folded hands brought back to her her own childhood when she knelt at her mother's knee; she heard again the prayers Violet had taught her. Her tears came unchecked and when the Gospel of St. John was read it was the echo of her mother's voice: "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." A peace she had never before experienced flooded her soul. She knew now it was here her mother had

learned those beautiful stories; she too should remain at the foot of the altar to hear them again and again. So she became a Catholic. Her father did not chide her, how could he when the face of Violet seemed to be looking at him and the pale lips were saying: "She shall be a Catholic." It was Madeline's choice.

Madeline was happy, oh, so happy! but she was not contented. A life of ease amid wealth and pleasure was distasteful to her. The many people who came under her father's roof, who were forever gossiping of fashions and theaters, of Mrs. A's flirtations and Mr. B's speculations, all this frivolous chit-chatting bored her. She longed for something higher, something useful, let it be anything, she did not know what, but this. She spoke to her confessor. He listened to her, questioned and probed the depth of her yearnings and then with the light and wisdom that comes from on high he told her she must become a Sister of Mercy.

A nun! How sweet the word sounded to Madeline's doubting heart! A nun! What visions it opened to her of deeds, noble deeds done in the service of Him who had come to kindle Love's fire in the hearts of men! What a privilege it would be to toil with Him adding, day by day, some good deed to keep that flame ever bright! "Yes, she would be a nun." But would her father give his consent? She knew that he loved her with a love so deep that separation would break his heart. He was old now and his hair was thickly threaded with silver. He was happiest when she was near him; to her he confided all his cares and worries; she was the prop on which he leaned in his old age; how could he stand when she should leave his side? Thus the sweetness of her resolution was made bitter by the temptations of nature. She prayed, prayed earnestly,—the temptations vanished, she would go despite all obstacles. So she told her father. It was in the evening after tea. He was sitting at the fire-place gazing at the flames as they made dream-pictures in the glowing embers. She trembled as she thought of what she was going to say. "Father, I am going to leave you."

He turned and smiled for he thought she was going to be married.

"What, have you found someone whose love is deeper than mine?"

"Yes," she replied softly, as she thought how keen the truth would be when she told him. "Yes, Our Lord is calling me. I am going to be a nun."

"A nun?" he echoed as he clasped his arm chair gazing at her amazed, "a nun? Child, tell me who has put this nonsense into your head? Tell me Madeline, tell me you are not in earnest." As she



looked at his feeble form she saw how deeply pained he was. She would have given worlds to clasp him and to say she was but teasing him, but a higher Love was knocking at her heart. "Father," she answered, as she came over to him, "it is true." He rose from his chair, all the old love gone from his face and there came back into it that look of determination on which Violet had gazed twenty years before.

"What have I done do deserve this?" he asked Madeline as she stood sobbing before him. "What have I done that you should thus leave me in my old age?"

"Nothing," she sobbed. "You have loved me too much and now when I am about to leave you ——"

He interrupted her, her last words stung him into anger for he saw she was determined. "No," his voice growing higher, "no, you shall not leave me. I shall send you away. I reared you in every comfort,"—here his words were cold as steel chilling her,—"I pampered all your whims, loving you with a love stronger than death, thinking you would remain near me as life was drawing to a close. Instead you are ungrateful and would leave me unchilded"—the very thought that she should leave him alone maddened him and he could say no more.

"Father," she pleaded through her tears, "father, say that you forgive me."

"Call me father no more, you are no longer my daughter. I shall never forgive you. Go!"

She was about to speak again, but he stopped her and pointing to the door, thundered, "Go!"

She turned, weeping, and left. He fell back into his arm chair exhausted. The dream pictures were still in the grate and out of them seemed to come Violet and the pale lips were moving and he knew now the meaning of those words: "She shall be more."

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Years afterward an old man lay dying in the Sisters' Hospital in New Orleans. Sweet faced nuns moved about tending the sick who were stricken down with yellow fever. The sisters were everywhere, comforting those who had been but now brought in, teaching patience to those in whose eyes the image of death was glancing, moistening the parched lips of those whose ears were closing to sounds of earth. Even in the quiet of the night they still flitted about on their errands of mercy. They seemed never to tire. Sister Margaret came again and again to his bed side, smoothing down the pillows, raising his throbbing head with a tenderness more than a mother's, bringing him cool



drinks and helping him as if he were a child. He watched her wither she went, silent, patient, until his feverish lids fell on tired eyes. To him she was a being from another world, "she was not of flesh and blood, for how could a weak woman give herself to such a life as this." It was the eternal mystery closed to the eyes of a self-seeking world! He wondered who she was. Day followed day, his fever racking every bone and muscle. Sister Margaret came and left and came again. Then he did a strange thing; he told her a secret. She bade him be quiet or he would augment his fever, but he persisted.

"Long ago," he began, "I had a daughter; one I loved more than ever daughter was loved before. I had wealth, pleasures, friends, but, she was more than these to me. I flattered myself that she should remain with me in my old age and be my comfort." Sister Margaret, attentive, was looking out the window at the tops of the swaying elms. "She left me," he continued, "to become a nun. When I knew this, I flew into a passion and drove her from my home. I have never seen her since,"—a faint tear was rising in his eye,—"then I relented. I sought for her everywhere, but in vain. I did not know what name she had taken. I did not know how she looked in the garb of a nun—how should anyone know her from my description? She had hidden even her name, and when I told them what she had once been called, they sent me away. Before I go I long to see her. Can you tell me where she is? Her name was —"

"Her name," repeated Sister Margaret, overcome, "was Madeline."

He raised his weak arms to clasp her as she bent to kiss his fevered lips. After the first fond greetings were over he spoke again. "Madeline," he feebly asked, "have you been happy all these years?"

"Yes," she answered quietly, "very."

"And I," he sighed, "have been so unhappy. I wonder," he added after a pause, "if being a Catholic will bring happiness to me now?"

"Aye," she mused, "here and forevermore."

"Is it too late to make another choice?" It was his old belief rising from the past, but this time with a far different meaning.

"No, no," she whispered, "it is never too late."

"Then, I too, choose to be a Catholic."

When the fever had wasted his strength and he heard the whirring wings of the death-angel, the words of Violet came floating down the memories of the years: "She shall be more." Yes, she had been more and when the light was dimming before his gaze and the strife of earth was growing fainter on his ears, he knew that Madeline had been the saviour of her father.

J. COLL, C. Ss. R.

	<b>Catholic Anecdotes</b>	
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**HE WON THE BET**

A well-known publication of Bismark, South Dakota, tells us that two men, Nat Goodwin, aged fifty-six, and DeWolf Hopper, aged fifty-five, made a bet. Nat Goodwin had been divorced from his fourth wife, DeWolf Hopper had been divorced from his third, and was living with his fourth. DeWolf Hopper bet that he could divorce his wife and find another before Goodwin could secure a fifth. Goodwin set to work and found another wife. But he was too slow, DeWolf Hopper had secured a divorce and a fifth wife.

We refused to admit Utah to statehood until she renounced polygamy, but has even the polygamy of the Mormons anything to equal this as a mockery of the sacredness of the Christian family and of the inviolability of the marriage bond?

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**AND YET MOTHERS ALLOW IT**

The Knights of Columbus of Memphis, Tenn., published an official circular condemning the "Tango", the "Turkey Trot", and kindred freakish, immodest dances. They further avowed their purpose of expelling any member who should attend any entertainment at which such dances were indulged in, or who, on entering a place of amusement, should not at once leave it on learning that these dances were to be a part of the program of the evening. They further called upon Catholic parents to ostracise and exclude from their homes all young men and women who engage in these dances.

That is what common-sense men of the world think of these dances, and yet there are mothers who "see no harm in them", but even sit by and watch their daughters go through these indelicate antics with some stranger in a hall or on an excursion boat, and rejoice to see that she is making a "conquest".

### NO FEAR OF DEATH AFTER A GOOD CONFESSION

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During the Turco-Italian war, six Italian torpedo boats steamed up to the very nozzles of the enemy's guns in a night attack on the ships lying at anchor in the Dardanelles. The daily papers told us of the daring attack, and how Captain Milo, who led it, was promoted to the rank of Counter-Admiral, but they did not tell us how Captain Milo and his men prepared for it.

The Captain assembled his men on board the gunboat, laid before them his plans, pointed out to them that it meant imminent danger of death, and declared that those who wished to remain behind were at perfect liberty to do so. Not one hesitated. The Captain was deeply gratified at the sight of their courage, but he reminded them once more that every man in the troop was freely going into the face of imminent death, and he advised them to prepare accordingly. He himself immediately requested the Chaplain to come and hear his confession. All the men followed his example. Thus prepared, they went forth to meet death without a fear. The expedition was successful, and after their safe return to Italy, Counter-Admiral Milo laid his captain's cap at the feet of the statue of Our Lady of Montenero as a thanks-offering to God and His Blessed Mother.

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### A CURE FOR CARNAL LOVE

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Benedetto Marcello, the celebrated Venetian painter, during his early years, led a wild life, or to speak more plainly and truthfully, frequently insulted his God by mortal sins. One moonlight night he had arranged a meeting with a certain young person between the hours of eleven and twelve. The spot chosen for the sinful meeting was an old ruined castle that stood in a lonely valley outside the city. Here the artist arrived at the appointed time, and began to tramp up and down the pavement of the castle while waiting for his companion. Beneath the pavement was a vast vaulted cellar where, during a recent epidemic, hundreds of bodies had been thrown with no covering but their winding sheet. Suddenly one of the weather-beaten paving stones broke beneath his feet, and Marcello was plunged into the vault. He floundered about amid the stench and darkness seeking a means of

escape. But each new effort only caused his foot to slip on some of the half-rotten corpses that lay piled in utter confusion on the floor of the vault, and threw him headlong amid the steaming mass. He called for help at the top of his voice, but his secret place of meeting had been too well chosen, and no one passed near it during the entire night. Even the young person with whom he had made the engagement failed to arrive, and lying there among those rotting corpses during the long hours of the night, he had ample time to reflect how ignoble it is to sacrifice the high and holy aspirations of our *soul*, in order to satisfy the low animal cravings of our corruptible *body*. Death proved for him a wholesome teacher. He was found and rescued the following morning and from that day there was a marked change in his conduct.

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### IT MEANT TROUBLE IN THE HOUSE

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A story is told of a peasant of Steiermark, Germany. He was poor, he was entirely devoid of both religious and secular education, and added to all his other troubles, he had drawn an unlucky number in the matrimonial lottery. The scolding wife, who had made his life a purgatory, at last went the way of all flesh, and the minister who conducted the funeral services considered it his duty to approach the man and offer him a few words of consolation.

"Try to be brave, my good man," said he, "though she has left you, you should be consoled to know that she is now in heaven with God."

"O so," said the peasant, "O so, she is up there with Him. Well, I can tell you, He'll have His own troubles with her."

Few women would desire such a eulogy from their husbands, and let us hope there are fewer still that deserve it.

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### DRINK

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"I was on a mission some years ago in a manufacturing town in England. I was preaching there every evening; and a man came to me one night after a sermon on drunkenness. He came in—a fine man, a strapping, intellectual looking man. But the eye was almost

sunk in his head; the forehead was furrowed with premature wrinkles; the hair was white though the man was comparatively young. He was dressed shabbily, scarce a shoe to his feet, though it was a night of drenching rain. He came in to me excitedly after the sermon. He told me his history. 'I don't know,' he said, 'that there is any hope for me, but still as I was listening to your sermon, I must speak to you. If I don't speak to some one, my heart will break tonight.' What was his story? A few years before he had amassed in trade twenty thousand pounds (one hundred thousand dollars). He had married an Irish girl—one of his own race and creed—young, beautiful and accomplished. He had two sons and a daughter. For a certain time, everything went on well. 'At last,' he said, 'I had the misfortune to begin to drink, neglected my business, and then my business began to neglect me. The woman saw poverty coming and began to fret, and lost her health. At last, when we were paupers, she sickened and died. I was drunk,' he said, 'the day she died. I sat by her bed-side, I was drunk when she was dying.' 'The sons, what became of them?' 'Well,' he said, 'they were mere children. The eldest is not more than eighteen, and both are now in the penitentiary.' 'The girl?' 'Well,' he said, 'I sent the girl to a school where she was well educated. She came home to me at the age of sixteen—a beautiful young woman. She was the one consolation I had; but I was drunk all the time.' 'Well, what became of her?' He looked at me. 'Do you ask me about that girl?' he said. 'What became of her?' And the man sank at my feet. 'God of heaven, she is on the streets tonight—a prostitute.' The moment he had said these words, he ran out. I went after him. 'O no, no,' he said, 'there is no mercy in heaven for me.' He went away, cursing God, to meet a drunkard's death. He had sent a broken-hearted mother to the grave, he had sent his two sons to perdition, he had sent his only daughter to be a living hell, and then he died blaspheming God."

FATHER BURKE.

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### THE WORLD MOVES ON

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A number of young men students of Cornell University have taken up the study of domestic science. They will soon be able to command high salaries as housekeepers. These enterprising young men do not believe that the women are the only ones that should have their rights extended.

	<b>Pointed Paragraphs</b>	
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**THE REFORMATION HAS MADE REFORMATION  
IMPOSSIBLE**

In the Milwaukee Free Press for Aug. 18, 1913, we read the following confession from a Protestant pulpit: "When Luther lived to take the stand he did, of necessity he created a revolution of reformation. But for one to-day to take an equally radical stand, and one requiring as great genius and courage, would be spoken of for a day only, and then the world would go on with its usual indifference."

Quite true! But who is to blame but Luther and the likes of him? He broke down all the barriers of restraint and allowed reason liberty and supremacy in matters of religion. Of course he did devise a shadowy constitution with some sort of supervision. But what did that amount to? Only a sample of his inconsistency. If he had the rashness to assail the hoary bulwarks of the ancient church, why should men fear to override the pastboard fortifications of his own little system? If every man may judge and reform according to his own head, who could count or classify the multitudinous reformations that must swarm from such a seed? Men may stand agog awhile and wonder. But soon this reformation-principle tires them. The endless changes and contradictions must fill them with misgivings, disgust, indifference.

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**SPELL-BOUND**

In the lives of the philosophers sketched by Diogenes Laertius, we meet the brief notice devoted to Hipparchia. She was the daughter of a respectable family, noble and wealthy. She was courted by many. But riches, nobility, beauty had no charms for her, so deeply was she fascinated by the philosophy of Crates. She threatened her parents that she would commit suicide if they refused to let her join him. All their remonstrances were vain. Even Crates explained to her the wretched condition to which she must descend if she persisted in following him.

The spell was upon her, she left her home, followed the philosopher in his weary tramps, dressed in rags, begging from door to door. So she became the jest and sneer of all.

Incredible magic, one would think. Yet the same occurs around us too. Some fall thus through their weakness, carelessness. Others look on these with contempt, but just these fall through their imagined strength. They are those infatuated with the modern philosophies. They have read newspapers, magazines, reviews, even thick volumes, and now their heads are brimful. True, some of the things they read were based on promises which they could never verify and must gulp down with the pitiful faith of the simpleton; other points were couched in mysterious terms and purely conventional language, so that every sentence presented a new riddle; no matter, they are spell bound now. All else is set aside to make way for the "divine infatuation". Home, self-respect, true love—all is cast to the winds. And the end is not yet. They smile with contempt upon the good old Philosophy which Our Lord came to teach. Ask them to listen to instruction in their faith, to read the books that tell of heavenly wisdom—they are grown far too wise for that. When men and women turn their backs upon Our Lord and his teaching, to whom will they go? Better say with St. Peter: "Lord to whom shall we go for thou alone has the words of eternal life."—John VI.

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### THE DIFFERENCE

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Two men each stole a pig. Both afterwards declared that they had repented of their sin, and had obtained pardon for it. How did they do it?

"I," said the Catholic, "confessed it to the Priest, and of course I had to give back the pig."

"And I," said the Protestant, "confessed my sin directly to God, and ate the pig."

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### BE YE READY

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Statistics show that only one person in a hundred lives to sixty-five and that half of all that are born die before sixteen.



### SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI

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Christopher Columbus discovered a continent, and took possession of it for the Spanish crown. When he returned he was received with kinglike honors. He returned again after further discoveries, and he was met by the officers of the law, loaded with chains, and thrown into prison. Sic transit gloria mundi. Thus passes the glory of this world. Is it really worth working for?

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### WOULD YOU BE STRONG?

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Godfrey de Bouillon, the invincible warrior, was one day asked why he was so strong. "Because," he replied, "I am pure."

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### FORGET IT

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In a recent meeting of Protestant ministers they passed a resolution forbidding the mention of the word "Hell" in their sermons and instructions. They consider it offensive to gentle ears and somewhat antiquated. But we believe that it is written somewhere in a Good Book that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." And that Book is supposed to hold good even for the twentieth century.

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### THE DANGER AVERTED

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The God-haters of France dread one thing more than all the armies of a foreign foe—they dread to see Catholic schools filled with children. They need not fear; no schools, either Catholic or infidel, will be filled with children in unhappy France; in the city of Paris during the year of 1912, there was but *one* birth for every *thirty* families. Thus does Almighty God deliver up an apostate nation to die by its own guilty hands.

### BE ON TIME

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Washington's secretary came a little late. He excused his remissness on the score that his watch was slow. But the General was not satisfied with the plea: Either you shall get another watch or I will get another secretary."

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### GOOD CHANCES SELDOM WAIT

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Lord Nelson remarked: "I owe all my success to the fact that I was always ready a quarter of an hour before the time appointed."

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### AND HE COMES ONCE IN FIFTY YEARS

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During the first week of September the alumnae of St. Mary-of-the-Woods assembled at the Academy for the dedicatory celebration, at which His Excellency, Most Rev. J. Bonzano, Papal delegate to the United States presided. The good Sisters sent a circular letter to the expected alumnae requesting "that through regard for the distinguished guests and your alma mater, no décolleté, elaborate, or narrow-skirted gown be worn."

Good Heavens, what are we coming to if our convent-bred girls condescend to be modest only in the presence of the Papal Delegate!

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### HE WAS NOT ASHAMED

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The story is told, that Blessed Thomas More, the Lord Chancellor of England, in the days of Henry the Eighth, was accustomed, even as Chancellor, to serve the morning Mass in the church at Chelsea, and to take part in all the public celebrations in that church. One day the Duke of Norfolk came to Chelsea, and was surprised and even shocked to see the Lord Chancellor dressed in surplice and gown attending a procession. The Duke could not understand how a man in More's position could so lower himself.

"Why, you are dishonoring your office and the King's service by thus playing the parish clerk," said the Duke.

More's answer was worthy of the true Catholic that he professed to be.

"It is the greatest of honors, my Lord, to serve the King of Kings."

### THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

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"The pervading atmosphere of the Christian home should be Christian charity—the love of God and of the neighbor. It should be the ambition and study of Christian parents to make their home a sanctuary, in which no harsh nor angry, no indelicate nor profane word, should be uttered; in which truth, unselfishness, self-control, should be carefully cultivated, in which the thought of God, the desire to please God, should be sweetly and naturally held before the children as their habitual motives. From the home sanctuary, the incense of prayer should ascend as a most sweet morning and evening sacrifice to the Lord. How beautiful and rich in blessings is the assembly of parents and children for morning and evening prayer."

—Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.

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### WHAT FATHER SAID

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It is surprising that some children can retain any sense of their duties towards God and their own souls, considering the pagan manners that pervade the home. A certain Priest had gathered the public school children about him for their Sunday afternoon catechism class.

"Let me hear you recite grace," he said to a little fellow who was new in the Sunday school.

The lad's face was a blank, and the Priest saw that his question was not grasped.

"The prayer before meals," he suggested.

The boy seemed to understand no better than before.

"The prayer before dinner," he said; "what does your father say when you sit down to the table for dinner?"

The little fellow's face brightened; at last he had a question he could answer.

"My father says: 'Boys, pitch in'."

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He who truly loves the meek and humble Saviour, will endeavor to be also meek and humble.

—*St. Alphonsus Liguori.*

	<b>Catholic Events</b>	
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"For behold, henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Heaven had bowed so deeply before her. Radiant angels saluted her as full of grace. The Holy Ghost had descended upon her; and now followed her footsteps into the house of Zachary. At Our Lady's greeting He flooded mother and child with joy. Then followed her till that feast of Pentecost when the tongues of fire came upon all assembled in her company. Happy are we to see the generations of America join in the homage of the angels and share the blessing of her protection and society. We glean only a few wisps from the letters written by missionaries in South America. We confine ourselves to the sweet title of Mother of Perpetual Help.

A letter from **Colombia and Ecuador** states: What forces itself on our attention is the fact that devotion to Our Lady is ever linked with love for Jesus Christ. It breeds a gentle but powerful attraction to the Tabernacle. . . . Nor is this devotion a matter of sentiment, of purely social display—no, but it is a matter of faith and conviction so deep, that it proves its strength by sacrifices almost incredible to us Northerners. Lack of funds had compelled the Redemptorist Fathers to suspend the construction of a church. One morning they were surprised to hear the sound of music and the confused noise of a merry crowd gathering in the little open space in front of the monastery. Upon looking into the matter they found about 1,200 persons assembling there. There were carts, donkeys, lamas, all imaginable means of conveyance. When all was ready they moved on to Sinicay, once a town of the ancient Indians, now deserted and fallen into ruins. It lay about five miles from the monastery. Here Mass was said for them. Then all set to work, collecting the bricks, piling them upon their lamas, carts, etc. Many carried huge loads upon their shoulders or heads. Even boys and girls claimed a share in the labor. They were warned to desist; were told that it was imprudent to carry such burdens on that rock-strewn road, under that broiling sun. But they persisted: "It is for the church of Our Lady, she will help me." When they deposited their contributions around the church, their devotion was not exhausted; they turned to the Fathers: "When you are ready for more, just let us know." A love that courts such sacri-

fices must be genuine. . . . This devotion pervades all ranks and stations of society, and reminds all of the common ties which the love of Christ has woven round them. Then the wealthiest work and pray beside the lowliest. The differences of earth are wiped away, while the peace of heaven rests on all.

The letter from **Chile** was specially interesting. The United States have had ample opportunity of admiring the pluck of the little nation that would not cower before our battleships some years ago. Here devotion to Our Mother of Perpetual Help is flourishing. As once the house of Zachary opened to receive her, so here in Chili every house welcomes her image, and enshrines it in the place of honor. In the dreary, lonely Island of Tierra de Fuego, in its only parish church, the few inhabitants kneel before the image of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. St. Paul exhorts us that our conversation be in heaven. And surely there she is the object of endless praise on the part of angels and saints. This idea gave birth to the *Supplica Perpetua*. This is an association formed for the purpose of honoring Our Lady perpetually. The members are divided into groups in such a way, that every group spends an hour in the week before her image. Thus her shrine is wreathed not only in the flowers of earth that bloom to perish, but also with the hearts which Christ redeemed at such a cost. In the city of Talca, with a population of 27,000, there are always thirty persons gathered to do her homage, Sundays are reserved for the men. In Cauquenes del Maule 300 men relieve each other all day long. In country places, neighbors assemble in a convenient residence every evening. This offers a splendid opportunity for instructing the children in the truths of religion. It fosters virtue, in many respects, but especially that virtue so delicate and rare: purity. As these people are accustomed to pray aloud, one of the missionaries sends us the following: Four little children were kneeling before the altar; they were asking Our Lady as a special favor to be allowed to die rather than blemish their souls by sin against the angelic virtue. Our systems of education, co-education, eugenics, sometimes conspire to make this virtue an impossibility.

From **Argentine** we learn that this devotion is firmly established in all the larger cities. Nor is it a sterile plant, but a tree abounding in richest fruits of charity and beneficence. In Buenos Aires was formed the "Circle of Catholic Workmen," which now comprises nearly all the voters of the nation. The women have opened a home for working-

girls without a position, or strangers arriving without any shelter or friends. A little reflection will show what a boon such an institution must be. Besides this, the women have planned and managed a sewing-circle in which garments are prepared for the poor who would otherwise go sadly ragged.

In **Uruguay** the Redemptorist Fathers inaugurated their work by a series of missions in the capital and chief cities. Everywhere the people greeted Our Mother of Perpetual Help with surprising enthusiasm. In Montevideo, the inhabitants conceived the project of erecting a church in her honor. Of their own accord they set about collecting the funds. For two years they worked might and main at the building. Now it stands completed. It is a worthy monument of their devotion to Christ and His Holy Mother, while its beauty and symmetry make it an additional charm to their superb city.

**Peru.** Its very name is typical of gold and empires won by daring adventurers. But now the land of the Incas kneels to Christ and loves his Mother. Here too devotion to Our Lady of Perpetual Help lies like a golden fillet upon the land, binding all its towns and hamlets into one chorus of praise to the Queen of Heaven. Here too the members are taught to alternate hours of prayer with works of Christian charity.

When Vasco Nunez de Balboa discovered the Pacific, he planted the banner of Our Lady as proof of his occupation. Now this banner has swept over the continent, proclaiming the glory of the Mother of God in America.

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Perhaps few of us take the trouble of learning anything about our new American possession, Porto Rico, except that it is a fertile little island not far from Florida and that it is not over-well satisfied to be a subject colony of the United States. It might surprise us to know that Porto Rico is the most densely inhabited country in the western hemisphere, for, small as it is, it contains three times as many inhabitants as the entire state of Vermont. But it would surprise us still more to know what the Protestants have been doing in the island since it became an American possession, while we Catholics have been asleep.

The Catholic faith was brought to this island by Columbus, and its first Bishop was appointed over four hundred years ago. Practically all the natives were at least nominal Catholics when the United States took possession. It is true that the majority of them were very

poor Catholics and never went to Mass or the Sacraments. There were many reasons for this indifference in religion. One no doubt was climate, as all must admit who have lived for some time in tropical countries. But surely one of the principal reasons was the interference of the Free-Mason government in the affairs of the Church. It seized upon the Church property from which the Priests derived their salaries, and paid a miserable little salary only to those Priests who would consent to be the lackeys of the government. And, what was still worse, it drove out the religious orders, and usurped the right to appoint any parish Priests and even Bishops. It is clear to all that this Free-Mason government would, as far as possible, appoint only those who were useless or unworthy. After this condition of affairs had continued for more than a century, is it any wonder that numbers of the people were left without instruction, and that they had come to look upon the Clergy with distrust as mere officials of a hated tyrannical government?

Such was the state of religion in the island when we took possession. The moment the Church was freed from the tyranny of the old government, the Holy Father, whose heart bled for these poor neglected people, appointed holy and zealous Clergy to look after their wants. These self-sacrificing men have set to work with a will, but they must struggle against terrible odds. To save the Porto Ricans for the faith, they all declare that Catholic schools are imperatively necessary. But they have no money either to build the schools or support the teachers. The people have never learned to help the Priest, and the missionaries must live on alms and often suffer want. They often appeal to the Catholics of the United States to aid them in saving these abandoned souls. Though many generous persons have responded, still the majority of American Catholics have done nothing.

How different it is with the Protestants! The moment Porto Rico passed over to the United States, the "Bible Societies" and "Missionary Societies" began to collect millions to rescue these poor "benighted creatures sunk in the darkness of Popery." There are at present more than three Protestant ministers to every Catholic Priest. These ministers belong to bands. Each band has a musician, a doctor, a trained nurse, and several teachers, and all receive splendid salaries from the missionary society in the States. Besides that they have large sums at their disposal for clothes, food, presents, and entertainments, to draw the people to their churches. Some of the ministers do not hesitate to imitate the dress and ceremonies of the Catholic Priests, or even



to kneel in adoration in the Catholic Church, in order to deceive the people by making them think that the Catholic and Protestant religions are the same. The result is that *seventy-five thousand* have become Protestants. Many others have simply lost their Catholic faith by listening to the Protestants, and have become infidels; often they insult the Priest or slam the door in his face when he comes to baptize the children or give the last sacraments to the dying. And some, who had not gone so far, merely accepted the Protestant doctrine of private judgment: and, when asked to allow their children to be brought to the church for baptism or catechism, refused, saying: "No, there are so many religions now, perhaps when he is a man he will not like to be a Catholic. We will wait till he grows up, and let him choose for himself."

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It was a rugged hill overlooking the sea. Though it was still clothed in its natural dress of wild timber, the traces of man's hand were visible about it, for at fourteen points on its wooded sides had been erected the images of the fourteen stations of the cross. Every time I looked from my window I saw several silent figures passing from station to station, or kneeling in prayer before the images.

When and where did the scene which I have just described take place? You will say that it happened in the middle ages, and the figures I was watching were those of the demonstrative peasant women of southern Europe. You are mistaken. This scene took place on the 25th, 26th and 27th of July, 1913. It took place, not in Europe, but in America, just outside of the city of Milwaukee. The figures were not those of women, but of men,—educated level-headed men of the world,—doctors, lawyers, professors, business men. For the Knights of Columbus were holding their annual retreat at St. Francis. And these men know that there is nothing better calculated to fill us with sorrow for our sins, love of God, and a firm determination to do our duty at every cost, than the thought of Jesus Christ's suffering and death. And they know that fourteen images placed on a hillside to represent the fourteen principal events that took place on the hill of Calvary during our Saviour's passion, are a remarkable help to us to keep before our minds the thought of His suffering and death. The Knights of Columbus who made the retreat are convinced of these facts, and they had the knightly courage to live up to these convictions. If there were more men of this stamp who had the courage to down human respect, we would see more men making the way of the cross in our churches.

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It is a subject of rare pleasure to all sincere Catholics to note the live interest that is taken in "Catholic Social Action" so recommended by Leo XIII and no less expressly emphasized by the present Vicar of Christ. The Convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies held in Milwaukee, Aug. 10th to 14th, was a powerful proof of the loyalty of nearly 3,000,000 American Catholics obedient to the call of Leo XIII: "Unite for the common good, so that your union might rise like an impregnable wall against the fierce violence of the enemies of God."

The Federation is, in the words of Bishop McFaul, "an organization of subordinate societies for the advancement of the civil, religious, and social interests of Catholics in the United States and its dependencies." It must have been greatly encouraged by the benign presence of our Prince of Prelates, Cardinal Gibbons and was most happy in its choice of Archbishop Ireland to impart to the assembled thousands the fire of that enthusiasm which burns in his own heart.

An International Union of all Catholic organizations into one grand World Federation may seem ideal; let us bear in mind that this world of ours is ruled by ideals and all should join in the Federation's pledge to heartily support and actively co-operate in the work of realization.

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"Well done good and faithful servant, because thou hast been faithful over a few things I will place thee over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." (Mt. XXV. 21.) The things of life are small, but grow great when done for God and reward by Him. Father Hahn has labored and gone to his rest. Faithful was he to the vows he took when yet a mere boy. He was professed on Dec. 8th, 1856. Almost sixty years he bore the yoke of the Lord. The slow monotonous round of prayer and study wears deeper into the soul than constant dripping does the solid rock. Faithful was he to the onerous duty of the priest. He was ordained in 1863, and came to Chicago in the following year. For fifty years his life was spent in work for the salvation of souls. Many of us yet remember how fond he was of little children, and his face used to brighten when a little friend would greet him on the streets. Several of the parishes around the city, now populous and extensive were the seedlings sown by him or at least nursed to maturity. Faithful was he in the still surer test of faithful souls, in the cross. Pain and sickness fastened on him almost upon his entrance upon religious life, and lovingly he took up his cross to follow His Master, though the way was long and weary. Many are those who bear him in kindly memory. Let us turn our thoughts to prayer. May His Lord and Master welcome him now: "enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

	<b>The Liguorian Question Box</b>	
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(Address all Questions to Rev. P. Geiermann, C. Ss. R., Oconomowoc, Wis.)

*I like to go to church but I miss Mass because I fear my baby may disturb the congregation. Am I doing right?*

If there is any time when a Christian mother needs the special blessing of God it is when she is raising her children. She is therefore entitled to bring her baby with her to church even though some one may suffer a little annoyance. The words of the Saviour, "Let the little ones come to Me!" hold as much to-day as when they were first spoken. In fact, the best way of bringing up a child to go to church regularly in after life is to bring it regularly when it is still young. There is no more beautiful sight to behold than that of the entire family occupying the family pew at Mass on Sundays.

*Have we any certainty that God, who is so good and merciful, ever damned any soul to hell?*

Our faith teaches us that all who live and die at enmity with God are condemned to hell. God manifested His goodness and love in creating us and destining us for heaven. He showed His mercy in freely dying on the cross to redeem us. He gives us daily evidence of His goodness, love and mercy in the dispensations of His Providence and the prodigal distribution of His grace. But man has a free will. God says to him, "I place before you life and death. Choose! As you sow so shall you reap. Broad is the way and wide the gate that leads to perdition, and many there are that go in thereat. Narrow the gate and straight the way that leads to life eternal, and few there are that find it." It is with regret that God beholds countless souls deliberately living sinful lives and condemning themselves to eternal perdition. Without actually depriving them of free will He is powerless to prevent them from abusing their liberty.

As far as this or that individual is concerned we can have no certainty of their damnation except by divine revelation. From the words of our Savior,

for example, we know the sad lot of Judas. Of him Jesus said: "It were better for him, if that man had not been born." (Matt. 26, 24.)

*What becomes of infants who die without baptism?*

Sympathy for the innocent, helpless little ones often prompts this question. When asked by a heartbroken mother who has lost an infant without any fault of her own this question becomes pathetic. It is an article of faith "unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." (John 3, 5.) Though infants as well as adults are subject to this general law, it is a probable opinion championed by Gerson, Gabriel and others that God who promulgated the law may in His infinite mercy make an exception to the law in answer to the holy desires and prayers of Christian parents. And since God's mercies are above all His works, a mother, who has prayed from the conception of her child that it may receive the grace of baptism, may confidently trust to meet her infant in heaven, if without any fault on her part it died without baptism.

The condition of those infants, who had not such Christian parents, is not so encouraging. If by the special dispensation of a merciful God they were not cleansed from original sin and clothed in sanctifying grace they cannot see God face to face in heaven. Though admitting this we must beware of rushing to the other extreme and condemning them to the torments of the reprobate. The torments of hell are twofold: the pain of sense and the pain of loss. The reprobate suffer the former for having abused the gifts of God, and the latter for having deliberately turned away from Him, their final end. Infants, however, have certainly not abused the gifts of God. They have, in fact, had no chance to learn their supernatural destiny. They will therefore suffer neither the pain of sense nor the pain of loss, though deprived for ever of the eternal joys of heaven. We may even go farther

and say that as long as they remain ignorant of the joys of heaven they may even enjoy a natural happiness through the infinite goodness and love of God.

*If the angels enjoyed the Beatific Vision from the moment of their creation how could they sin?*

As long as the probation of the angels lasted they did not enjoy the Beatific Vision. Though God might have created angels and man confirmed in glory, He wished them to enter heaven of their own free will. Hence, He offered the help of His grace to the angels even as He does to us, but He also left them free to determine their eternal lot, which they would not have been able to determine freely if they had been confirmed in grace by the Beatific Vision from the moment of their creation.

*Am I obliged to listen to the Sunday sermon under pain of mortal sin?*

A question like this could not be asked by a true child of God, but rather by one who will accept the reward of heaven only at the least possible exertion. According to the teaching of the Church we are bound under pain of eternal damnation to know whatever is necessary as a means of salvation as well as to have a general idea of the essential teaching of our holy religion. Any one that cannot otherwise keep these things before his mind than by being reminded of them in the Sunday sermon is certainly obliged under pain of mortal sin to listen to it with attention. Though it may not even be a venial sin for others to miss one or the other sermon, it is always considered a sign of predestination to have a lasting relish for the word of God.

*What does St. Paul mean by "the little ones in Christ," 1 Cor. 3, 1?*

The Apostle of the Gentiles is here speaking to recent converts and compares them to little children who must still be nourished tenderly for a while before they can be fed on the more strengthening meat that is proper for maturer Christians. "And I brethren," he writes, "could not speak to you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal. As unto little ones in Christ."

*I have felt a longing for the religious life for some years, but my parents have mapped out a career in the world for me; what shall I do?*

Follow the promptings of grace as

directed by your father confessor. "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not up his cross, and followeth me, is not worthy of me." (Matt. 10, 37, 38.)

*Did God predestine anyone to hell?*

Emphatically no! To entertain such a thought deliberately would be as unjust as it would be blasphemous. God is infinitely just, holy, loving and merciful. Wherever He is not thwarted by the perverse will of His creatures, God does all He can in accordance with His allwise plan to bring everyone to life everlasting. It is God's pleasure that we come into existence, and He supplies us with superabundant means of working out our exalted destiny. Can anyone doubt the infinite goodness of God when he contemplates that God dying on Calvary for love of him?

*When a woman loses her purity she loses all. Does the same rule hold for a man?*

Neither a woman nor a man lose all when they lose their purity. They still can save their souls. Indeed, some of the greatest saints had the misfortune at one time to fall and later did heroic penance for their sins. All the Commandments hold equally for men and women. Still, as purity is considered the special ornament of a woman, her disgrace, perhaps is greater before the world, even when her transgression was less deliberate than that of a man. Indeed before the hypocritical world the only unpardonable sin is to be caught in any disgraceful deed.

*A wealthy and a poor man die. Masses are said for the former but not for the latter. As the men were equally good the rich man will get to heaven first. Will he not?*

Two things must be taken into consideration: First that "of him to whom much has been given much will be required." Second, that the Church offers Masses for the dead only by way of suffrage, that is, dependent on the pleasure of God. As the rich man has received more than the poor man he will be judged more severely, and if he was wanting in mercy on earth he may not receive the benefit of the Masses said for him after death. Hence before a just and merciful God all will receive fair treatment.

	<b>Some Good Books</b>	
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*The Practical Catechist.* There is no art more important, or more difficult than the art of instructing children in their holy religion. *The Practical Catechist*, written by Rev. James Nist, and translated and adapted to our country by Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. Ss. R., will prove a boon to all who are engaged in this work. Priests, Sisters, and our generous lay catechists will find in it the book for which they have been seeking. Even parents, who have a page of this book read aloud every evening, will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are performing better their duty of training their children in the faith. The book is written in the form of a direct address to the children, and is literally filled with the stories and comparisons that children love. And, what is the secret of the catechist's art, the stories are so closely interwoven with the doctrine, that the children cannot think of the one without remembering the other. The 556 pages contain thorough explanations of every question in the catechism. Published by B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$1.75.

*Some Great Catholics of Church and State.* By Bernard W. Kelly. The "Great Catholics," whose lives are published in this series at 40 cents each, are such men as Fenelon, O'Connell, Lingard, Montalembert, Brownson, Newman, Windthorst, Manning, and McMahon. Example is more powerful than word; and these books will give our boys worthy ideals, and show them what the sturdy, fearless Catholic man can accomplish for Church and State. Published by Benziger.

*"Confessions of a Convert."* In this interesting book which has caused such a stir in England, Father Robert Hugh Benson, the son of an Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, tell us in his own strong and beautiful language the story of his conversion to the Catholic Church. It is just the book to put into the hands of an inquiring non-Catholic friend. It is published by Longmans, Green, and Co., New York. Price \$1.20.

In his *Matrimonial Catechism*, Rev. A. McEachen has given us a clear, open exposition of an ever timely sub-

ject. If there are a few questions and answers which might be worded differently with good effect, still it is very near what every good Christian would think of everything said. *The Catechism* well merits the praise which His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons gives it in the preface. It is published by the Catholic Book Co.

*Papal Program of Social Reform*, by Rev. August C. Breig. To-day when so many and so preposterous ideas are written on the "Social Question" it is a well-meriting service to have brought before English speaking people two pronouncements of unparalleled authority. In his booklet the author presents a faithful version of Pope Leo XIII's Encyclical "On the Condition of the Working Classes," and our present Holy Father's Apostolic Letter of "Catholic Social Action." The analysis, so well made, renders the text more intelligible to the general reader. No Catholic can fail to be interested in "Catholic Social Action" so urgently insisted upon by our present Pontiff, and no one interested can afford to be without a copy of Fr. Breig's Analysis. Published by Diederich-Schaefer Co. Price 25 cents.

*St. Rita's Treasury*, by Rev. A. Klarman, A. M. This is a prayer-book which the fast increasing clients of St. Rita will gladly welcome. Besides the seventy pages devoted to Pious Exercises in the Spirit of St. Rita, it contains prayers for the more ordinary Catholic devotions. Many of the devotions are aptly introduced by short, but sound practical instructions. It is published by Fr. Pustet Co. Cloth 75 cents. Leather \$1.25.

*The Canonisation of Saints*, by Rev. Th. F. Macken is a well written book on a subject of uncommon interest. The procedure gone through at Rome before she allows those who have died in the odor of sanctity to be raised to her altars is an evidence of the care the Holy Church takes in presenting a servant of God to our veneration. Catholics have ever been conscious of that care but how few, even of the better educated, have a correct idea of it. This valuable work is published by Benziger Bros. Price \$1.75.

	<b>Lucid Intervals</b>	
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Two men were hotly discussing the merits of a book. Finally one of them, himself an author, said to the other:

"No, John, you can't appreciate it. You never wrote a book yourself."

"No," retorted John, "and I never laid an egg, but I'm a better judge of an omelet than any hen in the state."

Old Aunt Sally, the highly esteemed cook in a Southern family, was frequently praised for her culinary skill and on one occasion, when a number of guests had been to dine with the family, remark was made touching the beautiful appearance of Sally's pie, which showed a very pretty scallop on its edge.

Inquiry being made as to how the old lady managed to get such an even design, Sally was summoned to the dining-room and the question was duly put to her.

The emotions of the guests may be imagined when the old lady replied:

"Oh, dat's easy. I jest uses my false teeth."

In Seekonk, a small summer resort, the lawmakers offer special bargains to wealthy visitors. Signs are displayed as follows: "Spitting on the sidewalk one offense \$10. Three times, \$25."

She was leaning on the rail,  
And was looking deathly pale.  
Was she looking for a whale?

Not at all.

She was Papa's only daughter,  
Casting bread upon the water,  
In a way she hadn't oughter.

That was all.

Little Effie—Grandma, do you like candy?

Grandma—No, dear; I never eat it.

Little Effie—Then I wish you would hold mine until I get dolly dressed.

Mother: "Johnnie, why are you beating little sister? Surely she has not been unkind to you?"

Johnnie: "No, Mamma, but she is so fearfully good I simply can't stand her."

The story told of a man who had great difficulty in spelling words with "ei" and "ie" in them. One day a friend offered to give him an infallible rule for such cases. "It is a rule," he said, "that in forty-seven years has never failed me."

His friend expressed his delight and waited.

The man resumed: "The rule is simply this: Write your 'i' and 'e' exactly alike, and put the dot just between them."

A newly married woman made a pie for dinner. "I am afraid," the bride said, "that I left something out, and that it's not very good."

The husband tried it, and said, "There is nothing you could leave out that would make a pie taste like that; it's something you've put in."

Dick and Jimmy were spending a few days with their grandmother, who spoils them as grandmothers will.

One night they were saying their prayers and little Jimmy vociferated his petitions to the Heavenly Throne in a voice that could be heard a mile. He was telling the Divine Providence what he wanted for Christmas, and his enthusiasm in the cause got on his brother's nerves.

"What are you praying for Christmas presents so loud for?" interrupted Dick. "Th' Lord ain't deaf."

"No," whispered Jimmy, "but Grandma is."

The young girl was visiting her girl friend for the first time after her marriage.

"And does your husband give you all the money you want?" she asked.

"Why, no, dear. There isn't that much money."

During the recent session of the legislature of a big Western State a man named John Cass applied for permission to change his first name. When asked the reason for wishing it changed he gave the simple but convincing answer: "Why everybody calls me 'Jack.' "

